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**SATURDAY, MARCH 15th.**  
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GIVEN TO EVERY VISITOR.**  
**DON'T FAIL TO COME.**  
**BASSETT & CO.**

## THE LAST CALL. \$9.95

For choice of our entire stock of Winter Overcoats. If this don't move 'em we will salt them down till next winter.

\$22.50 Elysians for - - \$9.95.  
\$20.00 Chinchillas for - - \$9.95.  
\$17.50 Imported Diagonals for - \$9.95.  
\$15.00 Cassimeres for - - \$8.95.

On the cheaper ones we will give 1/2 off, making our  
\$12.00 Overcoats go for \$8.00.

10.00 " " 6.66.  
7.50 " " 5.00.  
6.00 " " 4.00.

All winter suits marked down. Winter underwear cut half in two. New spring shapes in stiff hats just in.

### SHOE DEPARTMENT.

120 pairs Ladies' fine turned Dongola Button Shoes, original price \$3.00, marked down to \$2.00.

We have the exclusive sale of the best \$2.50 ladies' fine button shoe in the world, one that has been tried here for years.

With each pair of these shoes we will give free a bottle of Gilt Edge Polish for the next ten days.

TERMS--ONE LOW CASH PRICE MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.

**JAS. H. ANDERSON & CO.,**  
**BUSH'S OLD STAND. GLASS CORNER.**

#### EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

The Social Position of the Old-Time New England Mill Girl.

When, at the beginning of the century, the cotton business arose, it afforded the girls of New England the first opportunity to find occupation outside their homes sufficiently important to affect the destiny of any large number of them. They rushed into the new opening, not dreaming that they were precipitating their sex into the maelstrom of modern industry, or that they were merely the advance guard of a great army of female workers, whose disadvantageous attitude towards economic forces is one of the most fruitful sources of suffering in our social body. It was not the stupid girls who, in that early day, broke away from the monotony of farm life, or the still worse helplessness of existence with parents too poor to be farmers. It was the bright, eager young women, who went to the mills to earn money, and from themselves from the hand-servitude engendered by dependence on relatives. The story has often been told of the Lowell factory girls who published a paper, and in time settled to no manner avocation than that of author or social reformer. There are legends also of a generation of Yankee mill girls who sent to Preston S. Brooks the suggestive tribute of thirty pieces of silver, after his assault upon Charles Sumner. But the careers of these girls, which these legends are related to, belong to a later period in the history of the American's connection with the annual part of cotton manufacture, and some of them were exceptionally striking. Still, such incidents indicate something which it is important to understand, and that is that the also girls of New England, for many years, became mill operatives. Of course I do not mean that such labor was ever aristocratic, but that it possessed a certain social sanction which it does not now command. A consideration of the nomenclature of the native help leads to the same conclusion. The mill girl had socially superior than the dressmaker, the typewriter, the telegraph operator, the common school teacher, and she was from exactly the same stock, and was herself just the same sort of girl, as the ones who now follow these different vocations. She maintained her dignity while in the mill, and if she left it before she grew old it was because she wanted to leave it—usually because some man wished to marry her. Her marriage was generally sensible, and sometimes brilliant. In studying the traditions of the whole period, one finds occasional hints of that romance which attaches to all history, as amid the homely details one catches now and then a glimpse of high beauty, and comes upon the trace of some girl whose loveliness attracted a fate quite different from that of her village comrades. It is happily due to the purity of New England ethics that this fate is more often found to be joyful than sad.

I suppose it would be impossible to obtain statistics which would tell us much either of the trace of the American who were operatives, or of the after fate of their descendants. But every person who has been long familiar with the native residents in the older manufacturing towns is necessarily acquainted with many family histories, which reveal the essential features of that former time, when factories were small, and owners and workers were often not only neighbors, but friends. They were all subjected to the ancient New England village tradition of substantial equality. They were of one blood, they held to one religion, and called each other very generally by their Christian names. "Of that early time," writes a lady now more than eighty years old, "I have many recollections, when the wife of Mr. S— was not the wife of a weaver, not only in her church work or at prayer meetings, but in social equality."—LILLIAN B. CHASE WYMAN, in Atlantic.

#### THE VALUE OF MINUTES.

Various Views Regarding the Interesting Question of Wasted Time.

There are many different and more or less conflicting views as to what constitutes a waste of time. Some people consider every moment wasted that is not devoted to productive work or necessary sleep or rest. They would make of man a mere machine, to be fed to maintain his energies, to be allowed to sleep a limited number of hours to prevent wearing out, but would have him devote all his other hours to work of some kind. Other people, a little broader in their views, recognize the need of intellectual culture and would permit a certain amount of time to be given to reading and study without counting it a waste. The liberals recognize another need of humanity, and allow some hours for recreation and amusement. But there may be waste of time under any of these limitations, and they may be to some extent violated without waste. Time is wasted that does not produce benefit of some kind to the individual, but the kinds of benefit to which he is susceptible are so many and the needs of different men so various that there is an almost infinite variety of ways in which time may be usefully employed. The test as to whether time is being wasted must, therefore, be applied in individual cases, and the only question is whether it is being beneficially employed.

That time devoted to recreation or amusement is not wasted is expressed in the old proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." A cheerful disposition is such an important factor in energetic work that to deprive a man of the enjoyments of life is to curtail his working power. It is, however, a due proportion is maintained between work and play, there is a waste of time in the opposite direction. Too much amusement produces a disinclination to work. The hours devoted to reading and study are beneficially employed, not wasted, when the line of study is such as to promote the welfare of the individual, but time may be wasted in reading that which is of no benefit or that which distracts one's thoughts from necessary occupations. Time may even be wasted in productive work if it should be of a kind that degrades or that is less beneficial than other available kinds of work. But by far the greatest waste of time comes from want of method. It is constant hour by hour, and like the constant dripping of water on a stone, produces an effect apparently out of all proportion to the cause. Every one has noticed that in a well ordered household or shop every tool has its place and work proceeds systematically. One thing is no sooner done than another is ready at hand, and the tools are always in order and ready to be taken up. On the other hand, in a disorderly household or shop, working without method, there are frequent interruptions or delays while the question is being considered what to do next, or while search is being made for tools that when found have to be put in order before the main work can be begun. A few minutes out of an hour may be wasted in such delays, but in the aggregate they amount to a total that shows this to be one of the most common and almost unnoted sources of the waste of time. In large establishments employing the services of men the employer has to look after the possible waste of time, by as many individuals as employees, and his property or failure may turn upon this single question of a waste of time. In such a case the loss by the individual is so great, multiplied by the number of individuals, that it may amount to enough to offset the profits of a close business. This is the reason for the establishment of methods of doing work and for the strict rules governing the admission and departure of workmen.

To the individual it sometimes seems unnecessary to close the doors at 7 o'clock and compel a man who is only a minute late to lose a quarter of a day, but a little calculation shows the loss to a total that shows this to be one of the most common and almost unnoted sources of the waste of time. In large establishments employing the services of men the employer has to look after the possible waste of time, by as many individuals as employees, and his property or failure may turn upon this single question of a waste of time. In such a case the loss by the individual is so great, multiplied by the number of individuals, that it may amount to enough to offset the profits of a close business. This is the reason for the establishment of methods of doing work and for the strict rules governing the admission and departure of workmen.

#### ETIQUETTE AT VASSAR.

A Glimpse at the College Life of Bright American Girls.

Vassar is a college in all that the name implies; and a thorough education is given in all academic branches; and it has its rules of social etiquette just as rigidly adhered to as in Yale or Harvard. Every girl in the college walks forth during the early days of the term, carded in hand, to call on the freshmen in her corridor. If the freshman be out, a card left; if in, the acquaintance is formed. But in either case the call must be returned within a week. After this calls and visits are more informal, and parties given.

Each girl is expected to give a party in her room once in the year. These are invariably held after ten o'clock, at which hour lights should be put out; but with closed doors, carefully shrouded in shawls and waterproof cloaks, the night watchman gets no hint of the dissipation being indulged in within. When three girls share a sitting-room, with a bed-room adjoining, and if it should be of a kind that degrades or that is less beneficial than other available kinds of work. But by far the greatest waste of time comes from want of method. It is constant hour by hour, and like the constant dripping of water on a stone, produces an effect apparently out of all proportion to the cause. Every one has noticed that in a well ordered household or shop every tool has its place and work proceeds systematically. One thing is no sooner done than another is ready at hand, and the tools are always in order and ready to be taken up. On the other hand, in a disorderly household or shop, working without method, there are frequent interruptions or delays while the question is being considered what to do next, or while search is being made for tools that when found have to be put in order before the main work can be begun. A few minutes out of an hour may be wasted in such delays, but in the aggregate they amount to a total that shows this to be one of the most common and almost unnoted sources of the waste of time. In large establishments employing the services of men the employer has to look after the possible waste of time, by as many individuals as employees, and his property or failure may turn upon this single question of a waste of time. In such a case the loss by the individual is so great, multiplied by the number of individuals, that it may amount to enough to offset the profits of a close business. This is the reason for the establishment of methods of doing work and for the strict rules governing the admission and departure of workmen.

#### PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Jarvis—"How true the proverb is that a man is what his wife makes him." Jarvis—"And how true it is, too, that a man does what his wife makes him."—Terry Blade Express.

—Husband (sincerely)—"What! more money? Suppose I was dead—you would have to beg for your cash." Wife (calmly)—"It wouldn't be as though I had never had any practice, sir."—Chicago Globe.

—Frothy (rising to go)—"I'm sorry to break up your hand at which, Miss Rosalia, but really I can't stay any longer." Miss Rosalia—"O, never mind, Mr. Frothy; I'm sure you shall get on with a dummy just as well."—Boston Post.

#### THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Pleasant Information From the Glorious and Boundless West.

We extract the following from the last issue of the Arizona Kicker: Poon Shooting.—As we were returning to our office from the Widow Smith's the other evening (we have been spending the winter for several weeks past), and just as we came opposite the old Indian fort, some persons whose manners certainly need polishing up, fired four bullets at us from a revolver. The latent, no doubt, was to kill us. It took us about the millionth part of a second to realize this fact, and then we opened out for a run and made good our escape. We don't claim to be great shakes on shooting, but if we can't hit the editor and proprietor of a great and growing weekly at a distance of twenty feet once in four shots, we will leave Arizona. We don't claim to be a Chesterfield, but if our manners permitted us to hide away behind an old wall and begin popping at a gentleman without warning, we'd expect to be mentioned in the same line with a hyena.

Too Much Talk.—There is altogether too much talk about that instance of our popular young druggist of the Blue Front which sent Colonel Jim Jackson to his grave. Colonel Jackson was killed by a bullet which struck him in the back, and there was a good many redeeming features. The Colonel was old, lazy, and drank half his time, and left no one to mourn his loss. The druggist is a young and energetic man, who sold out a good yard in Chicago to come here and go into the drug business, and it must be expected that he will make a few mistakes in the go off. We call attention to his liberal manner of advertising in the Kicker. He has assured us that such a mistake can not occur again, as he has properly heeded the bottle.

#### WHAT IS

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Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrup. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

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